

# The Krypt

Craig Xen

Ayy  
Creepin' up out of that cut  
Burning my Newport down to the butt  
Only 19 and I'm finna come up  
I'ma break bread with the ones I love  
Living out my dream with a team that's a must  
Infinite militia the only ones I trust  
Know it might seem like a nigga lit up  
I ain't hit the weed or sipped lean in a month  
Stressed but I'm blessed and I must confess, I got God living in my chest  
I'ma go hard on the beat finess  
I'ma put a broad and a nigga in check  
Fiend for the green I'ma need my gwap  
I'ma need my team while I creep to the top  
Dropped on the scene when I pulled up to the lot  
Hoes gonna scream when a niggas pass bond

Creepin' in the cut  
Look  
Going out of my mind, passing the time, running to get to the check  
Point? Infinite Militia don't settle for less we wrecking the game and we leaving a mess  
Eating these rappers and leaving the bones  
All of my verses go on and on  
Blowing my smoke up to the ozone  
They cannot deny me the fact that I've grown  
[?] released upon the beat  
Kill these lames with honesty  
And everybody wanna be the hottest nigga in the street  
They ain't even got no heater, ever diss behind a name  
Throw all the bullshit that they claim  
An animal I can't be tamed